TO THE AMERICAN BAR: AN ADDRESS*

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I am afraid that the kindly and titillating shillelagh of Mr. Hurley has battered me beyond recognition. Just as he ended I caught a glimpse of my wife. She looked at me as though I were a perfect stranger. I may mention that she has done that on previous occasions, but not for the same reason.

I was very glad, as I am sure my Canadian colleagues were glad, to be present here tonight at the ceremony which preceded my overwhelming introduction by Mr. Hurley. The Romans and the Greeks had a few words for that ceremony. You will remember that Ulysses in his Odyssey was once shipwrecked on one of the Thousand Islands (without any dressing). He was found by the king's daughter, the modest and lovely Nausicaa. She and her handmaidens took him to the palace of her father the king, Alcinous. That palace was surrounded by a fabulous garden where every tree was heavy-fruited and all was ripeness and plenty. And so these gardens, because Homer sang of them, became a legend. And from that legend the Romans, as the Greeks before them, fashioned a proverbial phrase which they used when they wanted to refer to something futile like the taking of the products or the fruits of the earth to a place where they are already in great abundance. The proverb became "Poma dare Alcinoo", "To give apples to Alcinous". In their own good time the British took that proverb and turned it into "Carrying coals to Newcastle".

I have no doubt that in this land of Heart's Desire where we are all met together, the Pacific Northwesterners have a similar phrase about sending a salmon to Seattle or shipping peaches to Yakima. And I, remembering with you the baskets of peaches brought to us by the fruit-growing and gift-bearing lawyers of that Alcinoan garden of Yakima, would like to say "For your luscious kindness, many thanks!"

It seems to me that even the American Bar Association has caught the habit, because I can think of no better example of the turn of phrase to which I have referred than the words, "To give gold to a Vanderbilt". In the case of your Vanderbilt, however, we in Canada know also that

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" The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gold for a' that."

I am sure that the President of the Canadian Bar Association and the Canadian judges and lawyers and their ladies happily seated in our midst would like to join me in congratulating you and him upon this memorable ceremony, in wishing him well, and in thanking him in our name and in your presence for his several enrichments of the meetings of the Bar of Canada with the grace of his words and the treasure of his wisdom. We would like to give him a medal also but our gold is a drug on your market.

Now before I let a few disorderly thoughts trickle from that muskeg of mediocrity which I am pleased to call my mind, may I express the pleasure of your Canadian visitors (which I hope you will share) that we are all met as friends together in this gracious and lovely city which nestles beneath the majestic mountain that many call Mt. Rainier and not so many call Mt. Tacoma. As a matter of fact my first memory of any literary reference to Seattle concerned that period in its history when Seattle and Tacoma were struggling to determine which was going to be the "big noise" in the Puget Sound. I once read in the life of the famous British actor, Sir Henry Irving, that about seventy years ago he walked down the main street of Seattle at a time when the controversies between Seattle and Tacoma were at their height. In a store window he noticed a piece of cardboard on which someone had pinned a tarantula spider. Underneath was the legend "Common domestic flea caught in Tacoma". That would appear to be the height or perhaps the depth of controversy. Those ancient rivalries are now ended.

But I like to see cities struggling against each other for pre-eminence. It is a good sign of North American vitality. I seem to have heard of similar conditions in St. Paul and Minneapolis. You will remember that it is alleged that a school trustee in Minneapolis once moved at a meeting of the school board that the Bible be removed from Minneapolis schools because, although there were frequent references to St. Paul, no reference was made to Minneapolis. And as you journey northward to British Columbia, as I am happy to learn is your present intention, and visit Vancouver and Victoria where old jealousies still linger, you may probably hear one of Vancouver's favourite sayings. It is a remark made by a friend of mine about Victoria. She said that one summer's afternoon her dog

was chasing a cat down the main street of Victoria and they were both walking.

Well, here we are, met in one of the world's most pleasant places. It is always an adventure for me to travel through the climbing foothills and the high mountains to this sentinel city which once stood on guard towards the Orient and now with equal steadfastness faces the Arctic.

There is always a certain restlessness haunting us North Americans — a longing to be over the hills and far away. Someone once said that was the most beautiful phrase in our language and I know that I am always caught by the distant enchantments of the Pacific Coast. It is a truism that nearly all the best things in life cost nothing. And I know of no place more blessed by Providence, where more exhilarating things have been so abundantly given for the enjoyment of the outward and inward eye and for the refreshment of young and old, than in this fortunate and fruitful land. Beauty of earth and sky and sea is the personal possession of everyone who dwells here and it was a wise, pious and gentle man living in a quiet Welsh parsonage three hundred years ago who once said, "You never enjoy the world aright till the sea floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars". I have mentioned these things because I believe that no spot in the broad earth contains within it more gentleness and a greater promise of human happiness than this. In short, because we Canadians are glad to be here.

It has long been the custom of the American Bar Association, and indeed of the Canadian Bar Association, to consider it a paramount duty to strengthen the brotherhood of those lands whose sure foundation is the majesty of the common law. From one of those lands — Canada — joined to you not by parchment nor by declaration but by the unbreakable union of men's hearts and minds, I bring you greetings of affection, admiration and gratitude — knowing as you know that no mutual trust is more surely established, no national friendship more firmly based on the will of two free peoples. Just as patriotism is not merely a song in the street or a flag flying from a housetop or an idle boast or a great cheer as the heroes go by — but something grim and terrible and sacrificial — so our friendship does not spring from the attitudes, platitudes and beatitudes of a convivial banquet hall, or a frontier celebration, but is the deep unspoken certainty that if God's peace in God's world is finally broken by evil men, your country and

mine and the common motherland of much that is good in both of us, will stand steadfast and unafraid, side by side from the first day until the last.

Amongst the guests at most of our meetings — yours and ours — there is usually a man from Britain. This year he is absent. A few weeks ago I was in England whose green playing-fields were spangled with the Olympic stars of America. While I was there I visited, as I always do, one of your favourite Englishmen and certainly one of ours. His visits to your meetings are always in the treasure house of his heart and mind and their memories are often on his eloquent lips. I asked him to send you a message. I read it with pride knowing that you will receive it with pleasure:

The Royal Courts of Justice
Strand, London, W.C.2

It is good news that you are going to the meetings of the American Bar Association at Seattle in September. I could wish that I were going with you, but in default of that, I can at least send a word of warm and affectionate greeting to those assembled there. I am proud and glad to call so many of them my friends, and all my brethren and colleagues in the law.

Many years have now passed since I first came to Indianapolis as the delegate from England, but the memory of my welcome will never fade from my heart and mind; and the friendships made then have ripened and deepened with every subsequent meeting. The wonderful generosity of the American Bar to me stands as a sign and symbol of the larger and unforgettable generosity of the great Republic to my country; and it is but simple truth to say that we are now bound to each other with ties that grow in strength as the years pass, ties of blood, of language, of law, of literature, of history, and above all, ties that unite us in the pursuit of all those things that are honourable and of good report among men. I remember quoting at San Francisco the great lines of Walt Whitman, and in these days of international tension I cannot think of a message more suited to the times or one more applicable to all the English speaking communities including your own great country of Canada —

'Camerado! I give you my hand. . .
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live.'

The lawyers of the world are in the highest sense the custodians of civilization, and the lawyers of America have a special and honourable responsibility as members of a nation called to the leadership of the world. These are still times that try men's souls and demand leadership of the most exalted kind.

I am confident that the American Bar Association will rise to the full height of the great opportunity and in all that you do you may be quite sure of the support and comradeship of the Bar and Bench of England.

> To the retiring President and the incoming President and to all the members of the Association, I send my respectful and heartfelt good wishes for a memorable time,
>
> Yours ever,
>
> Norman Birkett

As Sir Norman is not here and no one has come in his place, may I just say a few sentences about his country. Last year I was asked to broadcast a few heartening words to the people of Britain on a Sunday night. I read to them an inscription on an old English church which a friend had sent me. These were the words:

> In the year 1653 when all things sacred throughout the nation were either demolished or profaned, Sir Robert Shirley founded this church; whose singular praise it was that he did the best things in the worst times, and hoped them in the most calamitous.

I think that the lovely words of that inscription do sum up Britain at its best. I believe that in the war they did the best things in the worst times and both then and since have hoped them in the most calamitous. I believe that no men and women in the world did more to defend the cause of freedom when the skies were falling around them, nor, I believe, has any land since the war was over done more by great renunciations, by fine repentances and far-seeing acts of statesmanship, to undo ancient injustices and to extend the boundaries of freedom. Everywhere I go in Britain I find the echoing in men's hearts of a phrase I once heard a speaker use in a speech at a street corner when I was a boy. He said that he was proud of the British Empire, but that he did not want to talk about an empire where the sun never sets as long as there were thousands of back alleys where the sun never shines. Although you may disagree with the political opinions of some men in Britain, its people under the leadership of an able, honourable and forthright lawyer are listening to plain truths without flinching and facing hard facts with a grim courage that has always been part of their national character. Of two things I am certain: Britain will be the last country in the world where the blood of brothers will flow in the streets in civil strife. She will also be the last country in the world to desert the United States and the nations of the British Commonwealth in their struggle to maintain peace and guard the sacred liberties of mankind.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, in spite of the face-lifting and the embalming skills of that dashing young cosmetician from

Chicago who made me invisible and unrecognizable although unhappily not inaudible, I am in reality nobody in particular. It is twelve years ago since my good friend Judge Ransom invited me to your meeting at Boston. And may I say how heartfelt is the hope of us all that we shall see a swift return of his fine strength to one who has served America and its lawyers with so much unsparing devotion and resilient skill.

Oscar Wilde once said of someone that he had been invited to most of the great houses of England — once. By inference I consider it the greatest honour of my life to have been a guest in this great house so many times. Judge Ransom used to say that I always managed to get myself invited down to the American Bar meeting every election year in time to make a speech for the Democratic Party. I am glad to see Democrats and Republicans tonight exemplifying the occasional, if rare, combination of the lion and the lamb. I remember a story of a showman whose main exhibit was a lion and a lamb lying down together amicably in the same cage. "How do you manage this lion and lamb business, Bill?" asked a friend. "I manage it" he said, "by frequent renewals of lamb." Now please don't ask me which is the lion and the lamb, the Republicans or the Democrats.

I can hardly expect to come again to your meetings and so I would like the remarks that follow to be by way of valedictory. I only wish that I could speak with the power of one of whom it was said that he spoke as a dying man to dying men. But that sounds too solemn a note, the crepe is slightly premature. For although

> " Great Cæsar's bust is on the shelf
> And I'm not feeling very good myself",

you look fairly well and the probability is that after this dinner is over I will be feeling much better while you are very likely to be feeling much worse.

In the meantime with the grip of a Canadian hand which Americans will understand, and voicing a belief that one of the greatest of blessings is to keep friendships in repair, I want to say, for a change, a few cordial things about lawyers and humbly and sincerely, as one of the millions of free men who have reason to be thankful for this Republic, to speak to you of its sheltering and heartening greatness.

No poor starveling words of mine are needed to emphasize the disenchantment by which we are surrounded, the turmoil by which we are bewildered, the tribulation on so many threshing-

floors. It was a wise man who said that after a storm the sea is always troubled and the waters work a great while. And not one of us here is not sometimes afraid that science has darkened men's minds and hardened their hearts. Not one of us in the midst of the perplexities of personal, national and international life can wonder if millions of men feel about our world like the pilgrim in one of the greatest of all the books of our tongue felt about his. "I dreamed, and beheld a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand and a great burden on his back. I looked and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain he broke out with a lamentable cry saying, 'What shall I do?' "

Each one of us knows that in all nations, our own and those less blessed than ours, still sounds the poignant prayer as it has sounded through the centuries of men's tears.

"To give light to those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death and to guide their feet into the way of peace."

Each one of us is sad when he thinks that the faith and fire that joined great nations together have seemed to turn to unfaith and dull dead ashes.

And yet in spite of this disillusionment, of the attempt to use freedom to destroy freedom, and of our apathy in the face of it, in spite of the occasional

> "Idiot who with enthusiastic tone
> Praises every century but this and every
> country but his own",

in spite of those who, loyal to some foreign cause, oppose the hammer with a nail and the sickle with a bending stalk, who offer a New Republic in the place of the Old Republic and meet the red flag with the white flag; in spite of all those things, which will pass away, it is my faith that there is as great a reservoir of good-will, of Christian charity and of passionate justice in the hearts of the plain, ordinary men and women of this great Republic, yes, and of the peoples of the world, as ever before in our history.

It was my sad experience to see much of human suffering in many lands during the war and my pride to see much of stark human courage. How brave were the little people! How patient! How compassionate! How many somebodies there were in the streets where the nobodies lived! How many great shouts came out of the darkness! How many brave knockings there were

on the doors of the prison house! The other day I read an article by one of my heroes, one of the truly great men of the world, not as well known in this country as he deserves to be, by birth an Australian, one of the world's most accurate scholars, one of the world's most inspiring interpreters of our heritage, an old man of eighty, a voice that has sounded every variation on the dominant theme of human freedom — Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. Wrong, he said in the sunrise of his old age, are those critics who speak of a general weakening of the human fibre and the degeneration of the western world. The evidence is dead against them. The war showed not weakness but unexpected heroism in the most civilized nations, both among combatants and non-combatants. There was no falling off but extraordinarily rapid progress in physical science and medicine, and noteworthy progress, too, in economic and social science and especially in the problems called humanitarian. Let us never forget the endurance of the civil populations in all European countries under attacks that surpassed man's worst imaginings. Let us remember also the persistent, general, striving after greater social justice and in many countries the unshaken determination to preserve intellectual and cultural ideals. All these are signs not of a sick and enfeebled society but of a strong society grievously wounded and struggling back to health. Thus I sum up his thoughts. And there is not a Briton or a Canadian, a Frenchman, a Norwegian, a Dutchman or a Greek worthy of his country who would not add to that catalogue the amazing God-sent generosity of the great-hearted people of the United States of America.

In such a world, in the travail of regeneration, I know of no greater duty upon lawyers than a re-statement of man's individual worth and the strength of justice and the recalling of the faith of our best men — no greater hope than the proud reiteration and the reappearance in a new majesty of the noblest qualities of the noblest sons of that land which Emerson once called "God's charity to mankind"— that harmony of so many races of man — this Republic.

May I talk about lawyers for a few minutes? And if I do, perhaps you will be like the old shepherd in one of Thomas Hardy's novels. He was a member of the church choir and whenever at Christmas time the choir sang about shepherds watching their flocks by night he used to hang his head and blush as though they were drinking his health.

I suppose that the most devastating thing ever written about lawyers is the poem by Mr. Carl Sandburg. I will read it to you if only for the purpose of placing it upon this Congressional Record:

The lawyers, Bob, know too much.
They are chums of the books of old John Marshall.
They know it all, what a dead hand wrote,
A stiff dead hand and its knuckles crumbling,
The bones of the fingers a thin white ash.
The lawyers know
a dead man's thoughts too well.

In the heels of the higgling lawyers, Bob,
Too many slippery ifs and buts and howevers,
Too much hereinbefore provided whereas,
Too many doors to go in and out of.

When the lawyers are through
What is there left, Bob?
Can a mouse nibble at it
And find enough to fasten a tooth in?

Why is there always a secret singing
When a lawyer cashes in?
Why does a hearse horse snicker
Hauling a lawyer away?

The work of a bricklayer goes to the blue.
The knack of a mason outlasts a moon.
The hands of a plasterer hold a room together.
The land of a farmer wishes him back again.
Singers of songs and dreamers of plays
Build a house no wind blows away.
The lawyers — tell me why a hearse horse snickers
hauling a lawyer's bones.

Perhaps we do tend to keep one foot in the Middle Ages — perhaps we do sometimes resist change, but not always unwisely, for we know that

"Statutes oft will mischief find
For bureaucrats to do."

Perhaps we forget, as our legislators forget, the old Platonic precept that the object of the legislator is to keep the people free, to make them kind to each other and to teach them common sense. It may be that these things only happen in Utopia and the buses don't seem to run there any more. Let us admit all this, but without vainglory let us recall some of the best things and the best men. For it is true of our profession as it is of life itself that the greatest boon is to have known the best and to have known it for the best.

It would be a fascinating inquiry to discover how many patient judges, how many inspired legislators, how many careful framers of statutes, how many architects of free constitutions, and how many passionate defenders of liberty this profession has given to America and so to the world. It may be that in the economic mazes and intricacies of modern life, law does tend to be the handmaiden of big business. But at its best, advocacy with its honesty, its eloquence and its courage has always been on the side of the weak and the just. For law is primarily concerned with the drama of life and its essential humanity. Whatever men do, their joys, their hates, their loves, the daily round of their common tasks are all part of the dedication of our lives. For the whole drama of man's progress from savagery to civilization is the drama of the law. His progress is the progress of the law. Our quest, too, is the quest for truth. With the astronomer and his telescope, the scientist and his microscope, the philosopher with his careful thought, stands the lawyer with his cross-examination and the judge with his patience. And if we have been concerned with the making and the enforcement of law, no group of men have done so much to see that law is not the will of the master but the organized will and conscience of the community, that it is not a fixed and unalterable thing, but that it grows and changes — too slowly sometimes perhaps — but that it is adapted to the conscience, the mercies and the needs of mankind. It is as easy to talk about relativity without mentioning Einstein as it is to talk about the majesty of the law without mentioning Mr. Justice Holmes. "Because law", he says, "is the will of the community it is the child of morality. The law is the witness and external deposit of our moral life. Its history is the history of the moral development of the race; the practice of it, in spite of familiar jests, tends to make good citizens and good men."

Let us who are concerned with it ever remember also its fellowship, where there is less jealousy, a wider recognition of talent, a more human tolerance of weakness than in almost any other profession.

I was present a few weeks ago in one of the Inns of Court whence our studies sprang and where, as President Gregory reminded us, so many of the signers of your Declaration of Independence learnt the tenets of their freedom. The very name "The Inns of Court" is redolent of hospitality, conviviality and fellowship. At the meeting in the Inner Temple which I attended, a complimentary dinner was being given to one of the marvelous young-old men who are so often the admiration and

the ornament of our profession. The guest of honour had recently been made a peer at the age of ninety-four. When he had finished a speech full of wit and hope and wistfulness, one of His Majesty's Judges who sat next to me recited a few sentences that our guest had spoken when he was being entertained on his seventieth birthday. I told the Judge that I was coming to speak to the American Bar Association and asked him to send me a copy of the words which he had recited. I offer them to you as a fine expression of the fellowship which shelters us all:

> The Circuit is a Forge of Character —
> There, are welded in us if we will, honour, generosity,
> tolerance, liberality, promptness to recognize the
> merit of a rival, to praise with alacrity, to censure
> with respect, and to learn to prize that salutary clash
> and criticism betwixt whose endless jar good nature resides.

In that fellowship I like to think tonight that we might once have called "our brothers" so many great and good men. Erskine, who stood by Tom Paine and used the gift of golden eloquence to defend so many fighters against the arbitrary power of government. Seward who in the midst of the obloquy of his fellow citizens undertook the hopeless but honourable task of defending the insane negro murderer, Freeman. I like to remember also a lawyer who was murdered a few short months ago — a little spare man at whom many laughed, who died to be mourned and remembered with honour throughout the British Commonwealth. Born into one of the more lowly Hindu castes he became the saintly leader of the Brahmin and the Untouchable. Seeking knowledge along the hard road of poverty and sacrifice he became one of the world's wisest and most eloquent philosophers. A little lawyer without privilege and without influence, he became a prophet of the eternal truths that justify God's ways to men. A lover and seeker of peace he became in his own way one of the greatest warriors for freedom. A man of another faith than ours, he was often acclaimed as the greatest Christian of us all. Despised sometimes for his colour and his creed, persecuted for his opinions, he stood forth in a world torn by hate as an apostle of charity, an evangelist of the love of brothers and the unity of mankind. The glow of his funeral fire will be a light throughout the ages. I speak of the lawyer Gandhi.

I like to remember also (as what lawyer does not?) a conversation between a tall, gangling, awkward young man and his friend passing by. "I found him", said his friend, "cocked up in a haystack with a book." "What are you reading?" I said. "I am not reading, I am studying", says he. "What are you

studying?" says I. "Law" he says, as proud as Cicero. "Good God Almighty" says I. You remember that law student. He never became a bureaucrat. He only held two offices. One was the postmastership of a small town in Kentucky or Illinois, I forget which. The other was the Presidency of the United States. And when he died it was stated by the man who wrote the satirical poem about lawyers which I read to you a few minutes ago that the people, the nameless masses, the millions who counted him great, warm and lovable, gave to his funeral procession "the dignity and authority of the sun darkened by a vast migration of birds and the colour and heave of the sea which is the mother of tears. They lent it the colour of this land and the earth which is the bread-giver of life and the quiet tomb of all mankind."

And two voices are often echoing in the halls of my memory — one, of the eloquent advocate of law reform who, reminding his hearers that Augustus found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble, wondered how much prouder would be the boast of that sovereign who could say that he found "law dear and left it cheap, found it a sealed book and left it a living letter, found it the patrimony of the rich and left it the inheritance of the poor, found it the two edged sword of craft and oppression and left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence". And the other voice sounds the most solemn words of the old lawyer speaking in the ancient days when our ancestors were all Europeans, "Of law no less can be acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exempted from her power." Remembering all these things cannot you and I and all of us be grateful for the brotherhood that springs from common studies, common enthusiasms and the benediction of a common heritage? For no studies are more worth the pursuit than those which lead to the understanding of these eternal principles of freedom, to a determination to be forever watchful against their destruction and to an undying hope that someday the dream of universal peace will become a reality to bless all the children of man. And until the coming of that day in a world restless and turmoiled with the anarchy of fear, what better endeavour, what more divine enthusiasm can there be than the maintenance and strengthening of the defences of our Civilization, Law, and Liberty?

Ladies and gentlemen, as I say farewell and wish you God-speed to many milestones I would like to speak a few closing words

of faith and thanks. Today and for many days the leadership of the free world is yours, not for the asking or the taking but for the giving. It is the gift of men not because of the things you have but for the things you are. It is a gift which you cannot renounce for it is given not in patronage by princes but in gratitude and hope by millions of simple, decent, home-loving, God-fearing, peace-seeking men and women who cherish freedom throughout the earth. How often are you reminded of your founding fathers "who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour" to the cause of your own freedom. Tonight as a plain citizen of the land of my sons, Canada, and once a wanderer from the land of my mother, one of the ancient Celtic lands of Britain, I speak my gratitude and the hope that springs therefrom because you have pledged your lives and your sacred honour to the cause of the freedom of all men.

I know you have faults, I know you have fears, and sometimes wonder at them. I know that in looking at lesser men you long for the touch of vanished hands and the sound of voices that are still. We share your longing. But if ever a country is at the cockcrow and the morning star, it is your land. And if ever a country was destined to fulfil its promises and fix the pattern of a juster and happier world, it is yours. I am glad not always so much because of what you are, but because of what you were and will be again. May I tell you why? No country except some of the little European lands and perhaps China and India has ever really known more suffering, more heroic agonies nobly endured. I do not think that the decision of 1776 was an easy one. There must have been far more spiritual anguish and mental suffering than is ever imagined by your newest citizens as he sets off his fire crackers on the 4th of July. And how deep were the scars of the war of the States. And what a burden of sorrow was borne by your Southland with its chivalry, its pride and its heritage of the unsullied sword. That war ploughed furrows on more faces than Abraham Lincoln's. I was in the gracious land of South Carolina a few months ago and as I walked its ancient and lovely ways I found myself repeating:

> We travelled in the print of ancient wars
> Yet all the land was green
> And love we found, and peace
> Where fire and war had been.
>
> They pass and smile, the children of the sword
> No more the sword they wield
> But oh how deep the corn
> Along the battlefield.

You have known the bereavement of two great wars and out of all these agonies has come, to your glory, not bitterness against your enemies, but compassion for all mankind.

You first began what we know as democracy, for democracy is less than two hundred years old. We of the British Commonwealth and many other lands have helped to build it but you gave it a new meaning and a new strength. With you above all it meant minds without fear and the head held high, the majesty of man's ordinariness, a land where a citizen does not say that he is as good a man as his neighbour but where he says and thinks that his neighbour is as good a man as himself. A land where your greatest scholar-statesmen could say in the simplicity that is the hall mark of greatness,

> I liked the people
> The sweat and crowd of them
> Trusted them always
> And spoke aloud of them.

You and we, British and Canadian, taught the world that our strength and every nation's strength is the peaceful solution of its own internal problems, that the best and only government comes through free debate and that government must be by the will of the majority accepted by agreement, by the force of law and not imposed by the law of force. You have always in your best hours believed the lesson preached by a great American that democracy is not "fatness and indifference but an issue to be fought in the hard, stony places of the human spirit, in the strict Thermopylæs of time".

Your land is an amalgam of all races as the greatest nations have usually been. On the altar of your country humble men of many little lands have placed the gifts of their loyalty and adoration just as the juggler of Notre Dame did the little things which he knew best in honour of the Mother of God. You have always believed that the French philosopher spoke truth when he stated that the Good Lord has written one sentence of his thought upon the cradle of every race. In your noblest moments and on the lips and in the hearts of your noblest sons, the human race has meant more to you than any of the races of men. We who speak your tongue honour you too because you invented a new kind of hero. Those who have lived longest in your memories have been men whose hands were clean and empty. Men who did things, who were often the first to do things, men of goodwill. The people knew, liked, and trusted them. Whether they spoke in deathless words or invented

machines to lighten the burden of mankind, or scattered apple seeds along the ways of the wilderness or played games with chivalry and cleanliness they, and their words and their deeds have become part of the folklore of freedom.

It was one of your men who said,

> No gold ever gleamed like the human heart hoping
> No steel ever leaped like the human spirit springing
> No granite will ever guard like a man's faith.

In no land in history has the worth of the individual been given as enduring a seal as in this land. I find, as many men of my nation find, continuing inspiration in the words of one of your poets who seems always to have been attended by the splendid vision of North America. Do you remember what Walt Whitman said about the individual?

> I swear I begin to see the meaning of these things,
> It is not the earth, it is not America who is so great,
> It is I who am great or to be great, it is You up there, or any one,
> It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, governments, theories,
> Through poems, pageants, shows, to form individuals.
>
> Underneath all, individuals,
> I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals,
> The American compact is altogether with individuals,
> The only government is that which makes minute of individuals,
> The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one
> single individual — namely to You.
>
> O I see flashing that this America is only you and me,
> Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
> Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me,
> Its Congress is you and me, the officers, capitals, armies,
> ships, are you and me,
> Its endless gestations of new States are you and me,
> The war (that war so bloody and grim, the war I will henceforth forget),
> was you and me,
> Natural and artificial are you and me,
> Freedom, language, poems, employments, are you and me,
> Past, present, future, are you and me.

My friends, this land of yours is the land of optimism, of good humour, echoing with the reassuring call of "up again, old heart", of "Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new", pregnant with the promise of the spires of El Dorado beyond the hilltops. I only wish we could hear a little more sometimes about men who are on the side of America and a little less of those who are against her. We need another Walt Whitman to compose the symphony of the United States. We need more singers of the Peace Hymn of the Republic.

Today you have a giant's strength. But no land is ever less likely to use it like a giant. You are not always told the truth but there is no one who knows you who would not trust you with the truth until the end. Your great men at their best have made pity the harmony of action and compassion. They have raised liberty to the dignity of a burning faith. Your Republic is that faith's great adventure. It is a crime for any man to despair of his country. For you such despair is the cardinal sin against the future of all men. No free man can have a greater wish for America than that she may renew her youth, recover the sharpness of her first vision and find once again the pure, simple strength of the thoughts and emotions of those who gave the sinews to her youth. Victory, in peace as in war, belongs to the resolute. You, too, have great companions and friends who do not forget, camerados to stick by you as long as you live. This is the prayer of all those who speak your tongue, a prayer for themselves and for you. It is not without purpose and meaning that the poet fashioned it upon the lips of the young:

> Grant us the strength that cannot seek
> In thought or deed to harm the weak
> That under Thee we may possess
> Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

A COMPLETE AND GENEROUS EDUCATION

The next removal must be to the study of politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies; that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the state. After this, they are to dive into the grounds of law, and legal justice; delivered first and with best warrant by Moses; and as far as human prudence can be trusted, in those extolled remains of Grecian lawgivers, Lycurgus, Solon, Zaleucus, Charondas, and thence to all the Roman edicts and tables with their Justinian: and so down to the Saxon and common laws of England, and the statutes. (John Milton: On Education)